



SATURDAY, AUG 24, 1901

TRIOLETS OF TRIMPLERS.

They met where the water was blue.
Where the hills sloped away from the sea;
They were glad for a gay week or two.
Out there where the water was blue—
They talked of the things lovers do
And were true to both—the sea and she—
They met where the water was blue.
Where the hills sloped away from the sea.

She laughed in her heart at the way
She played with him there by the sea;
She toyed with him day after day
And laughed in her heart at the way
He would pine when she answered him
day—
When she turned a deaf ear to his plea—
She laughed in her heart at the way
She played with him there by the sea.

He thought that he toyed with her heart
As they lolled out there by the sea;
He led her from others apart
And he thought that he toyed with her
heart—
Ah, how they were fooled, he and she,
Each toying away with a heart
That was worthless—out there by the sea.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE MESSAGE FROM
MANILA

By F. H. Lancaster.

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A FEW days after Gen. Funston had distinguished himself and before Aguinaldo had taken the oath of a thoughtful student of human nature would, among the many strolling couples on the old wall at Manila, have noticed particularly two subalterns, evidently on furlough. That one was bored and the other both understood, for while the fair man smoked with a sullen indifference his companion puffed on impatiently for a few moments, only to forget his cigar entirely while he again pondered over that troublesome passage in his sweetheart's letter: "If you can get him to do something desperate and daring for her sake and then write home about it you will win my eternal gratitude, as you have already won my love. For now that these rumors of oil being struck on this barren land have begun to circulate around here, I honestly believe she is just crank enough to throw him over as soon as he comes home. Her idea is that he ought to be free to do better—as though he could! You know what a combination of fire and tow he is. In fact, dear boy, unless you and I can do something



SERVING YOUR COUNTRY ISN'T A BIG PAYING BUSINESS.

Quick there will be two lives turned down.
"Devote take it!" he groaned inwardly. "What desperate thing for a woman's sake can a man do in this sleepy place?"
His companion stopped listlessly and Ford turned to look at him.
"What's up, Cranmere?"
"We are going east in three weeks."
"Yes, I know."
"Poorer than we came out."
"Serving your country isn't a big-paying business."
"Dash the country! I came out here in hopes of finding an opening. The Philippines offer such splendid opportunities—to a man with money. My word for it, Ford, I've a good mind to desert and turn gold prospector."
"A fellow was talking to me about gold the other day," Ford replied, absently.
"Who was it?" Cranmere asked, quickly.
"A fellow with a history," Ford returned, slowly. "A hundred and some odd years ago, before Vargo made tobacco a government monopoly, this man's grandfather was one of the rich men of Luzon. It seems he lived in one of the districts that had to go on growing tobacco whether it paid or not. It didn't pay. The family got poorer and poorer until when Mantal inherited the fragment of the fortune he moved north to Botanes in despair—went to raising horses. That didn't pay, either; then he tried pearl fishing. Now he has come back to Luzon with an alluring gold story."
"That's what I want to hear about. I believe there is gold in Luzon."
"I don't. Not in paying quantities. If there had been, Spain would have found it out a hundred years ago."
"What is this man's yarn?" Cranmere persisted.
"You see that?" Ford asked, pointing to a haze of smoke to the southward of the men.
"Yes; some volcano."
"It is the volcano Taal, only 850 feet high, and it stands on an island in the Lake Bombon. It is about this size that my friend Mantal spins his yarn. The lake he claims was once the site of an immense volcano that blew out bodily in an eruption."

"I've heard that story often," Cranmere commented, impatiently.
"So have I. And that its waters used to be salt?"
"Yes. Where does the gold come in?"

"This is Mantal's idea: Bombon has an outlet, but no inlet; therefore it must have subterranean sources, and he holds that it is fed by an underground river that flows from the heart of the island. He believes that he could enter this river by diving, and by its means go straight to the mountains, where he will find gold. The whole foundation for his theory is a blind fish found in Bombon."

"A blind fish! That means a good deal. Does he expect to try his experiments alone?"
"No; he is looking for some American fool enough to go with him. He is afraid to trust the natives."

"I'm his man!"
"You?"
"I believe there is something in it." "Death, most likely."

"You will send that fellow Mantal to me to-night?"
"See here, Cranmere, this is the craziest scheme ever started. That lake is a hundred fathoms deep and covers a hundred square miles."

"He was a pearl fisher," Cranmere continued, without noticing his friend's interruption, "and I dare say still has his diving rig. We would need a boat, but that can be managed. It is no use kicking. Ford, I'm going to give this thing a trial. I tell you, man, rather than ask that little girl to wait another six months for me I'd go to the infernal regions if there was a chance of making enough by the trip to get married on."

Ford's jaws snapped upon a vigorous protest. He could write to Lucy to-night. A beastly two weeks, but when he came back everybody would be talking of it.

"There is Mantal now. I'll send him to you," he muttered. "Good luck, old man."

They shook hands warmly, and the next day it was reported that Corporal Cranmere had gone to a neighboring village to spend his furlough.

Ford, writing to his sweetheart certain passages to be read aloud, drew a vivid description of the desperate undertaking. "He told me once," he concluded, "that for the sake of getting enough together to be married on he would cheerfully make a trip to hades. Well, he has stuck something worse than hades on this trip. Whoever his girl is, she must be almost as lovable as somebody else—he's awfully gone on her. Poor fellow, I hope he will come back alive, now that his land promises so well."

"And I hope," he muttered, as he posted the letter, "that she will be so scared and miserable for the next six weeks she'll learn some sense. I've no patience with a girl that can't be satisfied when a man has told her that he loves her. Historians be hanged. I'm glad Lucy doesn't go in for that sort of thing, dear, sensible little soul that she is!"

This was how it happened that when Corporal Cranmere, none the worse for his wild goose chase to Lake Bombon and the long homeward voyage that had followed close upon it, dashed into the private parlor of a San Francisco hotel and found a worn-looking girl with big eyes and white cheeks, who had no high-flown profers of freedom to make. Only an eager whisper that she was glad, so glad he had not been killed in that horrid volcano.

"Never mind, sweetheart," he said, soothingly, "the Philippines are not so bad. But Texas is the place for us. Isn't it?"

"Wherever you are, dear boy," she answered, contentedly.

WANTED THE BRICKS BACK.

Queer Demand of a Testy Old Virginian Upon His Next-Door Neighbor.

There lives in the old, fashionable quarter of Georgetown, across the Rock Creek bridge from Washington, D. C., a member of an old Virginia family. He is a man of high professional attainments, but of testy and irritable temper, says the Chicago Tribune. His next-door neighbor is a retired major, noted for the eccentricity of his habits. Between the two there has always existed anything but a friendly feeling, and they are continually doing all in their power to annoy and harass each other. One night recently during a serious storm the major's chimney was blown down. Crash went the bricks through the roof of the judge's house, and thence down through floor after floor, carrying havoc in their course.

The man of law was in no good humor as he contemplated the destruction and what made matters worse it was the major's chimney which had crumbled the wreck. His mind was actively engaged in devising some process by which he could get satisfaction from his arch enemy, when a note arrived from the latter, couched in the following language: "Send me back my bricks immediately, or I will put the matter into the hands of an attorney."

Why She Was Mad.

One morning, in kindergarten, a wee mite of womanhood had been trying to attract the teacher by every device of which she was capable, without directly saying she had something to tell. Finally, the young girl went over and sat beside her, whereupon little Rachel flounced her skirts, puckered up her forehead, and, clenching her hand, exclaimed: "Oh, dear, but I'm mad." The teacher was surprised, for Rachel had seemed to be laboring under a delightful secret. "And why is little Miss Sunshine angry?" asked the instructor. "Well, everybody was mad at our house this morning. Mamma scolded Sister Jane, and auntie scolded mamma, and papa said: 'O darn, and left the table, so I guess I can be cross, too.'—Motherhood."

A Sad Face.

Mr. Bilkins—What a sad face that woman has.

Mrs. Bilkins—Yes, poor thing. She has either loved and lost, or loved and got him.—N. Y. Weekly.

COMPARATIVE COMFORT.

With His Head in a Hornet's Nest
This Soldier Was Safe from the Enemy's Fire.

"I was in Chickamauga park a short while ago," said an old veteran who had been discussing the reunion at Memphis, to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man, "and I was impressed with the number of old veterans who still hang around the hills that have been made memorable in the country's history by the fierce battle that was fought there in the '60's. There is something pathetic about it to me."

"They are typical of the character of the man who followed the for-



FACE IN A HORNET'S NEST.

tunes of the lost cause. But many of them are full of good stories, and I recall one story told me by an old confederate now running a livery stable in Chattanooga. He is fond of telling it on himself. It was during one of the preliminary skirmishes at Chickamauga.

"The federal troops had reached the top of the hill, and the confederates had been forced down on the other side. They hid behind stumps of trees, fell over behind logs and sought other places of concealment in their effort to escape Yankee bullets."

"I fell over behind a log, with my face down," said the Chattanooga liverman, "and I could hear the Yankee bullets whistling over my head or burying themselves in the log behind which I was hiding."

"In bugging up close to the log I had shoved my face in a hornet's nest. The hornets covered my face and head, and I lay there picking them one at a time until I found an opportunity to escape. Soon after that I met a ragged looking soldier, and he said: 'Great goodness, Jim, what on earth is the matter with your face?'"

"I told him I had shoved it into a hornet's nest while dodging Yankee bullets. 'You must have suffered fearfully,' he said. 'No,' I replied, 'I never experienced a more delicious feeling in my life,' and really I never enjoyed anything so much as I did the sting of those hornets."

The old liverman chuckled over the story, and no doubt he really felt that the hornet's nest was a pleasure resort under the circumstances."

PUG ROBS MISTRESS.

Dog Steals Bank Books, Deeds to Valuable Property and Money to Make a Bed.

Mrs. Elizabeth Flecknoe, of No. 540 Metropolitan avenue, Williamsburg, N. Y., found some lost bank notes and deeds of property under peculiar circumstances the other day.

Two weeks ago she discovered that a tin box belonging to her had been forcibly opened and \$400 in bills, three bank books and property deeds stolen.



THE MISSING PAPERS FOUND.

Mrs. Flecknoe, after a vain search, complained at the Herbert street police station, and said that only a person well acquainted with her premises could have committed the robbery.

The woman has a pet pugdog, which knows every nook in the house. For several days past Mrs. Flecknoe had noticed that this animal had found a snug place to sleep behind a hat rack in the parlor hall, and when she removed the rack to dust it she found the missing bank books and deeds.

There was no trace of the money. Mrs. Flecknoe called the dog. When the animal saw that she had possession of the bank books and deeds it tried to seize them. The police are of the opinion that the dog has eaten the money.

Wants to See His Papa.

The son of John Smith is anxious to see his dad, and puts this advertisement in a Texas paper: "If John Smith, who 20 years ago deserted his poor wife and babe, will return, said babe will knock the stuffing out of him."

Honesty Pays.

Jim—Honesty is der best policy, after all.
Bill—How?
Remember that dog I stole?"

"Well, I tried two hull days to sell 'im, an' no one offered more'n a dollar. So I went, like a honest man, an' giv him to th' ole lady what owned 'im, an' she giv me five dollars."—N. Y. Weekly.

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